

Circus Day at Ararat.

The late Phineas Barnum was a wonder in his line.
But he was hardly in it with a relative of mine.
Phineas had the greatest show on earth by quite a few.
But Noah had the greatest show on earth and water, too.
And when the show was stranded on the peak of Ararat,
And he was fully posted as to where the ark was at,
He opened up the cages to relieve the beasts' distress.
And quickly changed the country to a howling wilderness.

The animals descended from the ark in double files,
And marched across the mountain top for half a dozen miles.
It was the grandest street parade the small boy ever lost.
This monster Ararat parade that Father Noah bossed,
And like the other great parades that now secure the floor,
There was a daisy circus just the moment it was over.
The animals at once usurped that lofty mountain clime,
And revelled in a monkey and a parrot of a time.

They called a great convention of the many different kinds,
To legislate a little and to occupy their minds,
And keep the hungry lion and the gentle lamb at play.
From lying down together in the telescopic way.
The elephant suggested that he didn't mean to squeal,
But thought the situation called for quite another deal.
As to who should be regarded as the king of all the beasts,
When the animals were gathered for their future forest feasts.

The lion interrupted with a most tremendous roar,
"I'm the king of beasts!" he shouted, as he quickly took the floor.
"He's the king of beasts!" was echoed by a host of satellites,
Who remembered with a shudder how an angry lion bites.
"He's the king of nit!" was bellowed by the elephant in wrath,
As he reared his tusks defiant in the raging lion's path.
And then he gave his ugly trunk a mighty upward fling,
And laid it down that second terms were not the proper thing.

The words were barely uttered when a lion loving monk
Made a wicked demonstration toward the elephantine trunk;
His mischievous example when he gave the trunk a slap
Was the starter for the tallest rough and tumble scrap.
The monkey held the waving trunk as in a living vice,
The toucan and the grizzly bear were fighting in a trice,
The lion made the kangaroo before his slugging quail,
While another monkey monkeyed with the lank Australian's tail.

The ape forsook his perches with a most malicious laugh,
For a perch upon the collar of the slender necked giraffe,
And so certain was the planning of the ape's unfriendly aim,
That the way giraffey got it in the neck was quite a shame.
The camel got his back up in a pugilistic way,
The bear was not behind him in his longing for the fray.
The puma thought the chicken was much better raw than fried,
And started out to fill a little want he had inside.

The awful row is seen at last by one of Noah's sons,
And back unto the stranded ark he loudly shrieking runs.
"The animals are raising Cain upon the mountain top!
Oh, hasten, pa, with me and make the naughty creatures stop!"
But Noah, as cool as when it rained like fabled dogs and cats,
Is only heard to murmur low the words, "Oh, Ara-rats!"

His One Weakness.
FARMER MEDDERS—
I understand that your son is learnin' the mandolin?
FARMER HORNBEAK—
Yes, but as in all other respects he is a good boy, I shall continue to let him live at home.

He Was Sleeping.
MISS GOSSIP—Your husband seemed to like the new preacher's sermon to-day, Mrs. Wedly.
MRS. WEDLY—That so? I'm glad to hear it.
MISS GOSSIP—Yes, He was nodding assent to every remark of the parson.

A Helping Hand.
EVANGELIST—Are you doing anything to make the world better, sir?
THE FRIEND—Well, I've killed our neighbor's dog and cat and am now busy on a scheme to demolish the piano, sir.

Force of Habit.
KEELER—Did you know that Belden married his cook?
HEELER—No. Where are they living?
KEELER—Oh, I was going to tell you she left him the next day.

Under False Colors.
DAUGHTER—Pat wants us to get married on St. Patrick's day.
MOTHER—Phut's he thinkin' av? Shure, ye'd be kilt entirely ef ye wore orange blossoms on that day.

A Good Reason.
LITTLE EZRA—Paw, why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?
FARMER HONK—Be cuz the place aint there when it strikes the second time.

En Route.
BRIDGET—Pat, whot hov these ferryboats a bow at both inds?
PAT—So they kin go both ways at wunst, ut coorse.

At Delmonico's.
JONES—Don't tip the waiter, Smith.
SMITH—Why?
JONES—Why? Well, if you do the dishes might fall off and get broken.

Not Alive.
TELLER (wrathfully)—That fellow Petty is too mean to live!
GRIMSHAW—He does not. He resides with his wife's mother.

Foreed Grief.
"Are you sorry that you hit Freddie?" asked Harold's mother the other day.
"Yes," answered Harold, "I had to be sorry, for Pa saw me."

Not So Bad.
MRS. OLDWUN—A married woman should not flirt, my dear.
MRS. JUSTWED—But I only flirt with married men.

A BARREL FULL.

BURGLAR—Where do you keep your money, old man?
OLD MAN—In one of these barrels.

"IT IS TO LAUGH."

The Unattainable.

BACHELDER—Then why does a woman cry at her wedding?
BENEDICK—She cries for joy, to be sure.
BACHELDER—I guess that's probably right. She's eternally crying for something she can't have.

Unsatisfying.

MRS. DORCAS—You should be more patient about keeping Lent. Whenever you feel hungry follow the minister's plan and just read a chapter in the Bible.
DORCAS—My dear, I could never get along with food for reflection.

Whence his Joy.

HENPECT—There is no doubt that bicycle riding is conducive to health and happiness.
COBWIGGER—Why, you haven't a wheel.
HENPECT—But my wife has, and it keeps her away from the house most of the time.

A Warning.

MRS. NEWRICHE—John, the safe company has just delivered the private safe. Where shall I put it?
JOHN—Anywhere but in the kitchen, dear. That cook could crack anything.

Satisfactory.

ASSISTANT—Is it a good counterfeit?
RINGLEADER—It's passable.
Whereupon the counterfeiters were extremely satisfied, as it just answered their purpose.

The Plagiarist.

CORA—Did the minister speak on a timely topic?
MERRITT—I suppose it could be called appropriate. His sermon on Lent was a borrowed one.

His Favorite Song.

MRS. EINSTEIN—You choost ought to hear my little Shakey sing!
MRS. CLAUDE—Vat does he sing?
MRS. EINSTEIN—"Der Sweet Buy and Buy."

Unfortunate.

PAT—Shure Mike, an' this is a strange country.
MIKE—Why, Pat?
PAT—Whin Ol cam' into it Ol hadn't a rag to me back. Now look at me! Ol'm all rags.

Likely Enough.

VISITOR (in dime museum)—Where is that "forty day fast" that you advertise?
MANAGER (absent-mindedly)—He's gone out to his dinner.

Dollars and Sense.

HOPEFUL—Pa, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?
PA—Oh, a million dollars frequently.

The Case of Binners vs. Rorer.

There was a great stir at Rouzer's Run, in the Pennsylvania backwoods. The case of Binners vs. Rorer was to come up before Squire Sniffets. Job Binners, some time before, had charged Sam Rorer with stealing a coon from him, and getting no satisfaction, had called on Reuben Ray, who "done boss doctorin' an' lawin'," for advice. Reuben had advised "takin' the law on Sam," and Job had told him to go ahead and make Sam sweat. Reuben applied to Squire Sniffets for the necessary papers to proceed in the case.

"Squire," said he, "we've got a case ag'in Sam Rorer for 'properatin' a coon. The heft o' evidence is that he has eat the coon, all 'ceptin' the skin. What we want to git is a writ o' habus corpus on him to perjure that skin afore you, so's we kin take percedin's reg-lar."
"My opinion is, Reub," said the Squire, after due deliberation, "that you hadn't better do it. When you wunst git to habus corpusin' there aint no tellin' where you're goin' to end up. Fust thing you know you're liable to run slam ag'in the Constitution, an' then where be ye? Don't go an' habus corpus. E-e-jectment, or trespassin' on the case. Is your evidence primy fishy?"
"Primest kind, Your Honor," rep
"Tother feller's is fishy."
"What you want, then," urged the Squire, "is a reg-lar ol'-fashioned e-e-jectment."
"But you see, Squire," persisted Reuben, "a habus corpus will fetch!"
"Twont no setch thing!" interrupted the Squire, who was getting testy. "Not in this court it wont, 'cause I wont issue none."

"Then can't we sort o' capias Sam, an put the screws right to him?" suggested Reuben, not willing to abandon his mode of procedure entirely.

"There you go ag'in!" exclaimed the Squire. "Yes, you kin capias him! Course you kin! But can't two play at that game? You capias Sam an' then Sam'll turn round an' capias you, an' then as like as not some durn fool'll capias me, an' the fust thing we know we'll all be capiased to the S'preme Court, an' even if we keep outen jail the b'ar huntin' 'll be all over 'fore we're through, an' none on us wont git a smell on it! There wont be no capiasin' business goin' on in this court, not this time o' year! Do you want me to issue the summonses fer your e-e-jectment? Or don't ye?"

So it was settled in that way, and Reub brought a "real ol'-fashioned e-e-jectment" against Sam Rorer on behalf of his client, Job Binners. The day had come for the trial before Squire Sniffets, and Rouzer's Run was all there to hear it. Pete Wiswell, the blacksmith, was likewise a practitioner in the Squire's "court," and had charge of Sam Rorer's interests. Squire Sniffets was busy mending a pair of boots when the hour arrived for the trial, but he put the work aside and, keeping his leather apron on and his seat on his bench, said he was ready. The Squire detested coons and coon hunters, and this case was none of his liking. He rapped on his lapstone with his shoe hammer for order in court.

"As a preliminary to be made afore this here case perceeds," said he, "I want to state that the Court has made all its arrangements for goin' b'ar huntin', and there wont be no delay in the percedin's, as the Court has thunk the case all up, an' kin hand down an opinion on the double quick. Where's the culprit?"

Reub Ray jumped up and said:
"There aint no culprit if Your Honor please! This is an e-e-ject!"

"Shet up!" exclaimed the Squire. "I guess the Court knows a culprit when it sees one! Stan' up, Binners!"
Job stood up, astonished and scared.
"So you've been a coon huntin', have ye?" said the Squire, looking up over his glasses at Job.

"Well, yes, Your Honor," Job stammered. "I was out a little spell, t'other evenin', but I only killed one, an' that'n Sam Rorer stole an' eat it!"
"This here Court holds that a man that'll go out with mallish aforethought an' hunt coons is a dangerous citizen to be runnin' loose!" said the Squire. "Job Binners, the sentence o' this Court is that you pay the costs o' this here suit an' a fine o' two shillin'. Stan' up, Sam Rorer!"
Sam got up, scared in his turn.

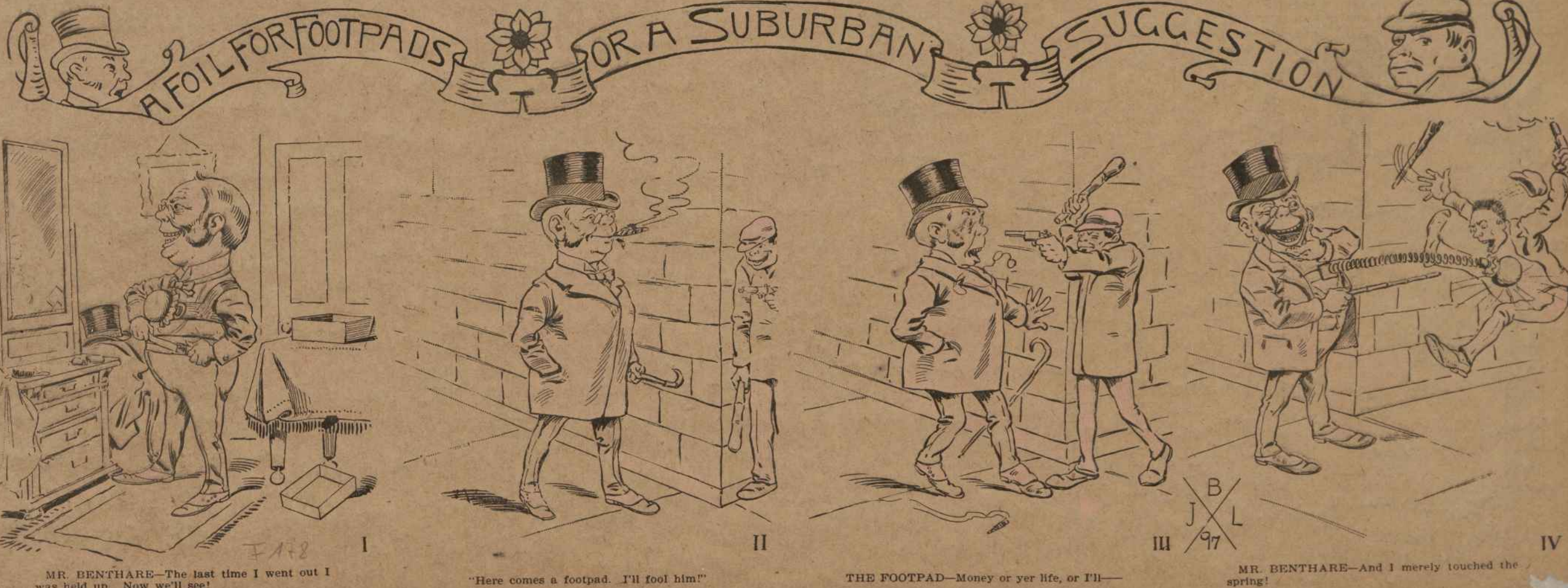
"You're charged with bein' excess'ry arter the fact by eatin' that coon!" said the Squire. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, Your Honor!" answered Sam, fumbling with his hat and gazing vacantly around.

"I—I—I fed it to my box, Your Honor!"
"I b'lieve you're lyin', Sam, but I haint got no proof on it," said the Squire. "Job Binners has 'cused you o' eatin' coon, an' this Court decides that it's a clear case o' slanderin' ye. For that I give you jedgment fer four shillin' ag'in Job, anyhow!"

"This is your ol'-fashioned e-e-jectment, is it?" shouted Reub Ray, shaking his fist at the Court. "All right! Good reason why you wouldn't give me a habus corpus to fetch in that skin! But I'll 'peal this case till you'll wish you'd never been born!"

"Peal an' be durned!" replied the Squire, rising and taking off his apron. "This Court's adjourned to go b'ar huntin'!"



MR. BENTHARE—The last time I went out I was held up. Now we'll see!

"Here comes a footpad. I'll fool him!"

THE FOOTPAD—Money or yer life, or I'll—

MR. BENTHARE—And I merely touched the spring!